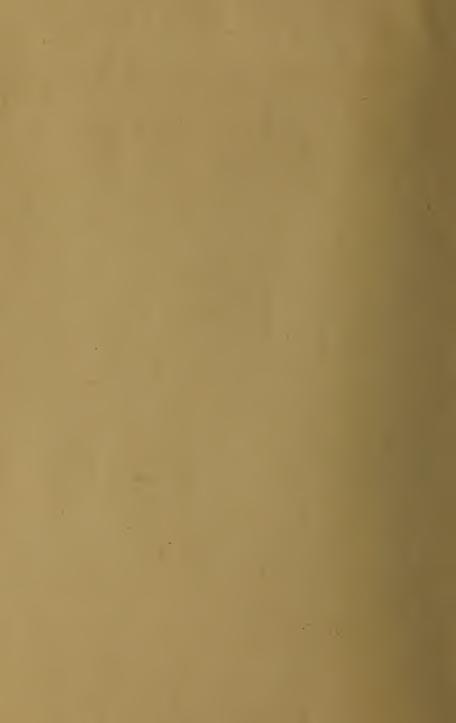
Muller, Hans W. (Hans Wilhelm)
Gross mismanagement of immigration in the hands of the government in Quebec. Montreal, [1873]





OF

IMMIGRATION

IN THE HANDS OF THE

GOVERNMENT IN QUEBEC:

EXPOSED AND ILLUSTRATED

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IMMIGRATION IN QUEBEC.

We make in Canada much ado about Immigration; yet, comparatively, a great deal less that we don't get a sight of the real elephant—that is, of the suitable Immigrant, professedly of the stuff we want. We act in this way very much like the easy going man, who don't want to be bothered too much about a thing that does not come easy. Scarcely can we take up any one of our newspapers not containing an article on Immigration, preaching up the necessity of attracting Immigration, and tendering advice in the matter.

In this way the good people of the Canadas have become fully aroused to the importance of Immigration, and for receiving a reasonable share of the immense flocks of Immigrants that come every year from the countries across the seas, full winged with fresh inspiring hopes of finding richer fields and larger and freer nestling grounds in the New World.

They swarm, almost all, to the far and wide-spreading dominions of cunning Old Uncle Sam; swarming his cities, making them lively with the likely noisy bustle of work shops and manufactories of all kinds; filling his coffers, converting his wildernesses into Edens, adding stars, and powerful brilliancy to his stars, so that the great kings and emperors of the earth come and pay homage and court for mighty, sweet Columbia's smile.

Why can we in Canada not keep a fair share of these Immigrants amongst us, and participate in the benefits from their presence? We have here, too, millions and millions of acres of wild land, abundantly sprinkled with miles and miles of as good soil for settlement and cultivation, as productive in manifold returns, as may be found in the United States; lands and lands, richly watered by beautiful rivers and proud streams, that connect us with all the ports in the world; we possess great wealth and mineral stratum; we can boast of our constitution and laws being the best and freest under the sun.

Our Legislature and Government stand commended by the people to promote by all means the influx of Immigrants for settlement amongst us, and most liberal subsidies are granted in furtherance of this object—and why we have so far not succeeded in securing the class of Immigrants we want, and why the enormous sums spent in efforts to bring actual settlers amongst us, and why all problems in this direction have resulted abortively; to demonstrate these, I have proposed to be the task of this pamphlet. Later on I shall handle "Immigration" in terms of general application; but, at the outset, I desire to state that I shall confine myself principally to matters existing in the Immigration system in the Province of Quebec, that part of Canada where I have had considerable practice and experience in concerns of Immigration. And at the very start, I don't hesitate in ascribing the almost total failure in obtaining the desideratum to the incompetency and the absence of

intellectual and cosmopolitan patriotism in the Immigration Department of the Government of the Province of Quebec. On the asthmatic shoulders of this Government falls all the blame, and not on this good country, blessed with free institutions, a flourishing commerce, and a fertile soil.

I shall make good my assertion, by passing in review the different Immigration plans set in motion and in operation by this Government.

It is a well known fact that the Provincial Scheme for bringing out large numbers of Immigrants from Belgium turned out a complete failure. Great inducement were held out to the Belgians, unwittingly or ignorantly,—more than may reasonably be expected to be fulfilled by a country still in a quasi-primitive state; certain it is, the Government proved its incapacity of fulfilling its promise. The provincial emissaries did not fail in florid oratory, elevated by the application of a little religious gloss, which latter circumstance, however, did more harm than good, as it made the disappointed ones less reconcilable, in addition that it was an erroneous ignoring of the specialties of the Belgian's character, that he likes first to make certain of his daily bread, with a possible chance for a little surplus, before entering on the uncertainties of religious mysteries; and that, though known for great docility, he becomes pre-eminently obstinate when he considers himself unjustly treated and deceived.

In the spring of 1872, when I was employed in the famous Immigrants' Home, No. 151 St. Antoine street, under the Agent, C. E. Belle, there arrived a goodly number of Belgians. The great majority of them expressed, right after entering, their eager desire to settle on the Land of Promise at once. Of this land and its situation I was as ignorant as of the localities in the moon; though my new Belgian friends were far from being the first enquirers that wanted information from me on this, to Immigrants, all-important subject; indeed it's the ideal for which, solely, so many sacrifice their home and its ever sweet surroundings, and by which alone they could be induced to wander away from all that's dear.

I had importuned the Agent, Mr. Belle, with great pressure now and again, as to the imperative necessity of imparting to me some knowledge at least of the position of the vast Government lands, when heralded with such great flourish of trumpets to intending immigrants, in millions of pamphlets, and the countless posters and handbills provided with the signature of the Minister of Agriculture, the Hon. L. Archambeault.

The Immigrants of other nations, the Scotch in particular, were just as inquisitive as the Belgians about these lands that have been held up to them with great praise, and promised by the Glasgow Agent, Mr. White. Yea, ever since I first entered the Immigration Office in the spring of 1870, I beseeched ardently, Mr. Belle, ever and anon, to place me at any rate in a position that would enable me to talk even vaguely on it, to save me from the humiliating and shameful role I had to play daily many times over in this part of all absorbing interest to the Immigrant. Mr. Belle would as often commend me to my instructions, which were: to be evasive on the land question, and slip away from this knotty point as best I could; in case I could by no means get rid of the enquirers, then I might direct them to him. I used to make my escape by telling them of the great hardships and privations to which a pioneer life in the bush was subjected, and to

which a man must become gradually inured ere he could stand it. And they would certainly find my advice to be good: first to hire out with the farmers here,—of whom we had in the book any number of applications for help—in which way they would obtain the required experience, indispensably necessary for the bush, so to say, at the very expense of the country. Moreover, in case they should learn, the most likely thing, that a partly cleared farm would suit them better, this would afford them the best chances of watching a good opportunity. Any lady readers may well believe me that questions may be popped far more easy and pleasant to answer than land questions in my dilemma.

I generally managed to appease the Immigrant's immediate hunger for land; of course, if there was no getting over the man's pertinacity, I would shuffle him off to Mr. Belle's office. I have every reason to believe that the landreference, appealed to Mr. Belle, consisted in his referring most favorably to the soundness of my argument in the matter, with strong advice for adopting my plan. At any rate I am quite positive that the land questioner returned each time not a bit wiser on the point than when he left me, but if not a happier invariably a sadly wiser man on human promises. Really I do firmly believe that Mr. Belle's knowledge of the land and mine were about the same; namely, that it was lying somewhere; and I will give him the benefit of my further opinion, that, independent of our total incapacity to act as guides, he was aware—not speaking of the impossibility that likewise existed—of the barbarous cruelty of even attempting to send green settlers into the wilderness, separated from the rest of the human race, without the least sign of the connecting link in roads, to meet sure starvation.

When the Belgians commenced to gain insight into the actual state of Immigration affairs in the Province of Quebec, they became loud in their denouncement of the whole scheme, and declared it a downright swindle and imposition They used to approach me indignantly, with pamphlet in hand, pointing to the following paragraph:—

"Le Gouvernement a reservé pour les colons 3, 500,000 hectares de terrain qu'il cède à des prix variant de 2 à 6 francs l'hectare, par lots de 40 à 100 hectares. On peut acheter moins, mais pas plus de 100 hectares; cependant un père de famille peut acquérir des lots en plus pour chacun de ses fils ayant atteint l'âge de dix-huit ans," etc., etc.

They would then reproach me with the barefaced lie of the statement, when nobody could give them any information about the land—Mr. Belle, they said, no more than myself; that it was adding insult to injury to see him about it.

Nothing exasperated the Belgians so much as the deception practiced upon them in land. What I found very strange was the reluctance displayed by Mr. Belle of directing any Belgians to the Belgian settlement in the County of Suffolk, near the Ottawa; yea, I had instructions that it was not in my business to talk upon, either good or bad.

The undeniable fact stands—truth is stranger than fiction—the Belgians of my period have mostly all vanished again from this Province. Most of the owners of the names paraded in the "Rapport General du Commissaire de l'Agriculture," as prominent among the Belgian settlers for means, culture and

position, are no more to be found in the Province of Quebec; and for the very reason that a number of the Belgians were possessed of considerable means, and as a nation making firstrate settlers from their peaceable and industrious disposition, the more aggravating is the circumstance that the Government has been found wanting in faithfulness and competency to insure their stay here. Instead, this Province has to grieve that the prospect of securing the estimable settlers from Belgium has been blighted in the bud; the sums squandered in the scheme are of lesser account.

In connection with the agitation caused by the land question amongst the Belgians, I may mention a few incidents of many:—

Concerning the promised land, we had three very obstinate Belgian Immigrants at the Home. One was married, and had his wife and small family with him; the other two were single, I believe, and had left their families at home. My old well-nigh grinded out story would not go down with them. I offered to find immediate work for them; all my sugar-coated prescriptions against the land-sickness were fruitlessly applied. They would eternally retort that they had come here for nothing but the land that was promised, and not to work here as day laborers. what they could have done at home; land they would have-bound to see if this land was in existence at all, or if they had been imposed upon altogether. Mr. Belle stepped in to my rescue, and warmly he advocated the acceptance of my proposals. At last, Mr. Belle got somewhat angry, and closed his argument in submitting to them Hobson's choice, that was in the premises, either go to work here at once, or leave the Home forthwith. Much displeased, they adhered to their resolution to find the land; for which purpose they would return to Quebec, bag and baggage, and there look up the land. Some, they thought, could be found near the Trappist settlements. The uncertainty that existed about it led to another controversy with Mr. Belle, when, as it was going on, another Immigration Agent stepped in accidentally and naturally evinced his interest in the matter. During the side conversation carried on in English between the two Agents, I learned that the gentlemen were no better posted than the immigrants. One thought the Trappist Fathers had broken up their establishments there and left; the other confessed himself at sea-if they were there or not, was more than he knew. Finally the wordy uncertainty ended in an open declaration of hostilities on the part of Mr. Belle, who issued his peremptory orders to me that those people must leave the Home forthwith; if for Quebec, as they intended, I received warning to furnish them with no Free Tickets. And for Quebec they did set sail. About a fortnight after I was startled—was it shadow or reality?—it was the reality -this same crowd marched in again to the Home, down-looking and crestfallen.

The two single men merely accompanied the married couple to the Home, which they again left right after, and for parts unknown to me. The remaining married man now demanded of me immediate employment to recuperate his loss, and

[&]quot;Well, what about the land?" was my salutation.

[&]quot;Just nothing at all," was the reply. "It's all humbug about the land; if we had taken your advice, we might be wiser of our money; that's a hard loss for us."

asked for leave to stay with his family until they would find cheaplodgings, to which I agreed. The woman gave a willing assisting hand to the work at the Home, fully earning her board; but her mind was embittered, and when once again treated with insolence by Miss Leonie, the housekeeper's proud daughter, this land-woman threw the soup in her face, broke the plate on her head, and out of the kitchen she pitched Miss Leonie, who attained afterwards to fame under the *nom de plume* of "the young lady of Ste. Pelagie." Mr. Achille Belle, nephew of the Agent, happened to be present at the Home when this grand battle took place. This last round was the land-settler.

I overcome the fear of going too much into detail, knowing that sometimes the smallest details contain interesting matter to the man watchful of his country.

Almost contemporary arrived at the Home a very respectable-looking man, a Belgian farmer, Mr. Dereze, accompanied by his wife and numerous family,—all of them well dressed and well rigged out, and Mr. Dereze had about 3,000 francs in his pocket. The money passed through my own hands when Mr. Dereze made a loan of 2,000 francs to one of the Belgian Counts in Quebec.

The brilliant panorama of the Province of Quebec, that had been unrolled before his eyes, and the equally brilliant promises on the part of a great, generous Government, cried out by the panorama man, had its effect in enchanting him away from a good position, manager of a nobleman's farming estate, and, of course, out of a very comfortable home. The very flattering view also displayed before him, that he was wanted as a star farmer, accomplished the enticer's work,—that here, in the very primitive antediluvian state of mind in agriculture, his light would become of great lustre, and he would be laurelled as the farmers' King, for sure, for sure.

But when Mr. Dereze actually did put in his appearance in Quebec, he found the great, good, and wise Government in the perplexity of the man who won the elephant. Mr. Dereze, to his credit, and no blame, was smart enough to throw himself, for some time, entirely on the shoulders of the Government. Here was a sticker, neither any available, ready, accessible, good limits of land on hand, nor any detection of any outway what to do with him, in the limits of their craniums. There, of course, remained but the old and ever practiced expedient of immediate riddance in expediting to Montreal, and Mr. Dereze and family arrived in due time at the Immigrants' Home, 151 St. Antoine street. Then and there I heard it admitted by Immigrant Agents themselves that wrong had been committed by inducing this man to forsake a good position and comfortable home to come out here. However, it must be said that much concern was expressed, and a great deal done for him. Mr. Dereze was encouraged to visit different places, as Verchères, Terrebonne, etc., all at the expense of the Government, and even he received presents of money to keep him in humor. In the perplexity, what to do with the elephant, Mr. Dereze and family were carried back and forward, and up and down between Quebec and Montreal, like kittens by the cat.

At last, somewhat tired of the shuttlecock play, Mr. Dereze placed himself, of his own accord, with a gentleman in Montreal, as manager of his farm near by. In consequence of mutual disappointments, he quitted this engagement after the short stay of only a few weeks, and with his family took abode again at the Immi-

grants' Home, till arrangements were completed to place him finally with Mr. Beaubien, M. P., as manager of his farm below Quebec. In every instance all his travelling expenses, and those of his numerous family, were defrayed by the Government. All this represents most painful imbecility and cause of bitter reflection on the children of the soil, to the father and mother, the brother and the sister, who sigh for the dear absent ones, expatriated in hopes of gaining their bread in foreign lands, and whose embrace they may never enjoy again. It would really be interesting to know what this single immigrant, Dereze, has cost the Province of Quebec,—merely at last, as it appears, to secure his services to Mr. Beaubien, M. P. Happy men are the Beaubiens—one of them is the now celebrated member who ran for, and came in the winner of, the \$7,000 purse.

Praise up, ye organs, submissive spaniel-lickers of the greasy paw, praise up the wisdom and patriotism of your Government in bringing out for the country this star farmer! Praise up its fostering care in the importation of a single immigrant at such enormous expense!

Ye most obedient slaves to filthy lucre; ye ever smiling knaves for gold, of affidavit plus, \$4,000 celebrity, praise up the fatherly care of your Government, which tender provision has provided the country still with another kind of emissaries, an entirely novel set of immigration officers, unique amongst the nations of the earth. Hold up to gratefulness the emissaries whose sole purpose is to go in pursuit of the wayward brethren and sisters who have strayed in such alarmingly large numbers into the neighboring Republic in search of fields and pastures new.

Indeed, emissaries who certainly deserve credit, in that they try with all their powers of eloquence in illustration and fiction, to effect the return of the straved sheep to the lovely, peaceful hills and dales of their own dear country that gave them birth, where, though the hurdles were drawn somewhat narrower and closer yet they were highly preferable for their much greater safety against the wolves and wild beasts that go about preying on their present and future lives. But alas! "Des Menschen Wille ist sein Himmelreich," says that great poet Schiller, and the emissaries will no doubt have learned by this the full truth of this poetically-clad reality. The reasons why French-Canadians forsook their paternal and maternal hearths are good reasons. Many times have I listened to them from their own lips. And as it has always proved futile to the best laid plans to remove reasoning from reason, so the mission of these strange and novel missionaries will ever be futile, and remain sterile in results, till the natural causes for the exodus are searched up and remedied at home, and the covetousness of the foreigner's easy wealth and luxuries are lessened by fair competition. The present periodical, and this time terrible, depression in capital, commerce and manufacture amongst our neighbors is illustrative of all this, as well as of the inherent and inextinguishable love and attachment of the French-Canadians to their native soil, clearly demonstrating in the return of large numbers, that it was not for a phantom they expatriated themselves, nor do they mean to remain for a phantom. The moment the charm of the stimulus for leaving home is broken abroad, we see them returning by thousands, to find, however, what?—the same old monotony; no earthly change whatever since they left, if anything things worse than ever before; they will find more than before, run for one place, and do the work cheaper still, through the influence of the suicidal course of their own Government. Once imbued with the wideawake spirit they will demur afresh, remaining deaf to empty-handed, sickly, sentimental sophistry, and at the first glad tidings of the revival of things on the other side, spread will the wings and fly will the chickens, off and away again. The well known vitality and energy of our neighbors may lead us to expect the crisis of short duration.

Meanwhile, the "immigration mill" in France is still fed and kept going, at great expense to the Province. "Money makes the mare go, and runs many a mill." It is not from success,—not even from the ghost of such a thing;—it is by sheer money and insatiable slaves in its service that the French immigration mill retains so far some sparks of languishing life, and grinds out still its occasional quota of immigrants to the Province of Quebec, heralded puffingly in advance in the shape of a so-called *Etat nominatif* by the French Immigration Agent, Mr. Bossange, in Paris.

What's in a name! The "what" is greatly appreciated by Mr. Bossange, for his Etat nominatif contains the highest flights in technical cognominations of the ordinary industrial professions and trades in the common walks of life. Mr. Bossange's Etat nominatif, though indeed purely nominative, is a highly French-scented document. It very often occurred, what Mr. Achille Belle wanted to make a point in favor of his uncle, attempted in wrongful excuse, wrongfully blaming the immigrant for Mr. Bossange's false statements in his Eta. nominatif, namely, that, what Mr. Bossange denominated "cultivateur de terre,"—farmer, &c.,—might be a man that did know the plough from sight, not from ploughing; the meadow from the grass, not from mowing. His "conducteur de ferme" might be a man who could conduct himself tolerably well over a farm, but not so handy with a Canadian farmer's team in hand. Some of the farmers about St. Laurent would bear me out with great humor.

It is no use to call a thing by another name than its own. Romance has left me, and I shall not fall into this Don Quixotic error. Not muchly, if I know myself. Windmill I shall call windmill, and treat as windmill, and the Government-Bossange scheme I shall call the French Immigration Windmill, run with French-Canadian grist, that they should rather retain for their own mills, which are idle and wanting grist.

The list of immigrants forwarded by Mr. Bossange to the Province of Quebec form a stupendous piece of imbecility.

Of the actual farmer elements, of which alone we stand in any need, Bossange does not, or cannot, furnish immigrants of the genuine stuff; hardly any at all come forward from him. His lists bring up a few gardeners, with high scientific affixions; but the chosen ones for good common Canadian use, are scarce too, Over fifty per cent. of the Bossange immigrants consist of trades and professions that are either not much called for here, or not at all, with a pitiably large admixture of clerks, office-seekers, "conducteurs" for every imaginable conducting:—
"Conducteur de ferme," "conducteurs des chemins de fer et d'equipe," etc., "conducteur des chemins et des travaux public," "chefs de station," etc., etc., etc. I used to exclaim, "For God's sake! how can you conduct that of which you know nothing, of which you have first to learn the Canadian alphabet? Did this not occur to you before! Is it possible that Mr. Bossange is acting in such

blind ignorance and disregard of all that is Canadian?" Withal, the charitable side cannot be denied to Mr. Bossange. Besides the much-needed "conducteurs et chefr de station," he also directed here the destitute invalids and the aged distressed of both sexes in such numbers at one time as to cause serious protest on the part of Mr. Belle, against this sort of immigrants, from the endless pains and troubles caused in placement and riddance of the unfortunates. Perhaps it did not occur to Mr. Belle that the acts of Mr. Bossange could hardly be amenable to his censure, when we read high praise bestowed upon the grandly successful operations of Mr. Bossange, page xx. in the "Rapport General du Commissaire de l'Agriculture," in the following sensational announcement and puff:—

"M. Gustave Bossange, de Paris, nous à expédié à lui seul au-dessus de sept cents émigrants, venant des différentes parties de la France, et des prouvences de la Lorraine et de l'Alsace. Il a été habilement secondé dans sa propagande en France et en Alsace par M. Provencher, nommé agent général pour le continent depuis le mois de juin dernier."

And in the same "Rapport General du Commissaire, de l'Agriculture," we find an endorsation of Mr. Bossange's exploits, when he unites charity with business, vide page xiii., which reads:—

"M. Bossange, qui avait tout à fait pris à cœur de diriger l'émigration fran-"çaise vers le Canada, et qui venait de publier à cent mille exemplaires, une bro-"chure très-bien, touchée, intitulée 'La Nouvelle France,' le 'Canada,' appel aux "classes nécessiteuses de France."

We shudder at the horrible barbarous cruelties inflicted by Nero on the Romans,—Nero fiddling and feasting in high carnival and Rome in flames, its devastation and the agonies of its inhabitants, his own devilish handiwork; and we might as well shudder at the heinousness of the horrible blunder of our rulers, that calls in the classes necessiteuses of a foreign country to increase the sufferings of our own classes necessiteuses, and thus compel additional thousands to drink the bitter chalice of expatriation,—and incredible, if it was not the terrible fact, waste the life blood of the nation in the damnable operation, necessitating the employment of expensive charlatans, for an honest man will not continue to bid for immigrants when he becomes aware that they will be victimized.

In the official meddling, subsidizing, and puffing, the speculation and placard and all the other devices by which the *Etat nominatif*, &-c., may be filled, I concede high efficiency to the French Agent. In illustration of the illusions practiced I shall insert here *verbatim* contents of two minute copies I secured as samples of the kind of letters with which the unfortunate members of the *classes nécessiteuses* have been deluded and come accompanied:—

" PARIS, 26 juin, 1872.

[&]quot; Monsieur C. E. Belle, Montreal.

[&]quot;Le porteur de ces lignes, Monsieur Louis Sellier, se rend au Canada dans "l'espérance d'y trouver un emploi dans les chemins de fer, comme Conducteur de Trains, Chef de Station, Chef d'Equipe, etc. Je lui ai promis que vous vous "intéresseriez à lui et que le Gouvernement lui accorderait nourriture et logement

"jusqu' à emploi. Je compte sur votre bienveillance, cher monsieur, et je vous "réitère mes sincères salutations.

"Gustave Bossange,
"Agent du Gouvernement Canadien."

When this man was offered, as a last resort to work as a common laborer for \$1.25 per day, and nothing else for him in the gift of the City of Montreal, well then describe the state of his mind,—I can't; but with this case I have presented to the public a life-like, full-sized picture of Government-Bossange Immigration.

The reading of my next copy runs as follows:-

" Bureau a' Emigration du Gouvernement Canadien, "PARIS, le 27 juin 1872.

"M. Archidet, Victor-Jean-Pierre, et sa dame, sujets français ; age, 30 ans et 20 ans ; profession, ébéniste, et Madame couturière.

"Le porteur de cette lettre d'introduction se décide à émigrer au Canada pour "y trouver du travail et un avenir aisé. Je lui ai donné l'assurance qu'il serait

"nourri et logé aux frais du Gouvernement jusqu'à ce que vous réussissiez à lui

"trouver de l'emploi, et qu'il serait transporté gratuitement de Québec au point "ou il sera occupé. Je ne doute pas que mon recommandé ne trouve auprès de

"vous bon accueil et protection, et je compte qu'il se montrera digne de la bien-

" veillance du Gouvernement.

"J'ai l'honneur de vous saluer,
"L'Agent du Gouvernement Canadien,

"GUSTAVE BOSSANGE."

A Monsieur Siméon Lesage, Asst.-Commissaire d'Agriculture et des Travaux Publics, Québec.

This kind of letters is lithographed, only the signature of Mr. Bossange is written in his own hand; and shows that the promise of *un avenir aisé* is intended for wide circulation.

The authorized Agent du Gouvernement Canadien holds out to the foreigner au avenir aisé, free board and lodging, passage free to the place where he may please to go to work—what the Canadian Government can not furnish its own poor children. The Recorder is in the utmost trouble what to do with the unfortunate homeborn vaif picked up in the streets. The philanthropist has a great field amongst our own poor in the winter without increase by foreign poor. Le pauvre Canadien must pawn his last valuables to raise his passage money for the foreign land, there to earn his bread that he cannot find at home. I defy the annals of the history of all nations to show me its equal of contemptible perversion of rulers, and of cruel, impolitical imbecility in national infanticide in the rulers' own blood race.

By-the-bye, the wife of this M. Archidet, Victor Jean Pierre, is the prepossessing lady who gave her testimony in the Belle Investigation to the fact that Mr. Belle invited her to take dinner with him at the "Maison Doree," or some

such like place—no doubt, I dare say, with the view of making good Mr. Bossange's promise of un avenir aisé.

And the self-resigned Immigration Agent, C. E. Belle, is most admirably unique, when he claims publicly that this kind and voluminous kindred testimony is entirely in his favor, and he may as well add, evident proof of his exuberant kindness to the immigrants in general, and the lady immigrants in particular, as it ought to be right gallantly. Since Mr. Belle is so happy in the construction of the whole evidence against him, as entirely in his favor, his very friends should reproach him for the great obstinacy with which he and his learned counsel opposed the admissibility as witness of Mr. Clement, predecessor of mine at the Immigrants' Home, what under the circumstances would have, doubtless, culminated in Mr. Belle's tull éclat in the snow-white innocence he places himself. Oh! do, ye powers, restore your pet lamb with flying colors, only follow your own heart's prompting in the matter.

Immigration is an ill-favored expedient with all classes in France, so it is preached up to them in the rattling eloquence of the quack doctor's extravaganza; "La Nouvelle France," "le Canada" "the new Canaan for the poor and oppressed, for the distressed and the destitute of all ages and sexes. Come on ye that are in affliction. Lands in uncountable millions of acres waste and wasting for the want of hands, to be had for the asking or for a song. Workshops standing idle for the want of hands, the skilled labor of France at the highest premium and not to be had; in the way of buildings, public works and roads; and agriculture, they have not attained to the knowledge of the middle ages-therefore up ye idle conductors for conducting them. Indeed, the clever delineator can adduce in proof of the real existence of all this, the Government of the country awaits you with open arms, to embrace you at your very landing, and from the moment of your setting foot on the hospitable shores, till provided with comfortable and highly remunerative employment to your taste, you are the guests of the Government and people, by whom you are entertained in the interim in the best style, and by whom all expenses have to be paid." Overcharged as my style of writing may appear, all doubts must vanish when the horrible reality is unveiled. So help me God, it's not exaggerated in a syllable. it's the naked truth in inflexible austerity.

When the curtain falls the illusion must vanish. I say in the reverse,—when I raise the curtain the illusion must vanish.

I have seen thousands of Bossange immigrants passing o'er the stage before me. Indeed, I may as well say, just gliding over the stage, and vanishing forever out of my sight—positively the case with the majority; alighting here, even as originally intended, only as birds of passage on their way to the States, fed and well provided for by your hospitable purse, till they manage by working a little, to the injury of others' crumbs, to recuperate their empty pockets, and continue the flight.

The thousands of French immigrants expedited by Mr. Bossange, who have answered to his "Appel aux classes nécessiteuses de France," trés bien touche, remarks touchingly le Commissaire de l'Agricultare, the Honorable Louis Archambault, God save his mark and his remarks. The thousands consisted almost to a

man of the impoverished classes, and worse, were composed of elements in greater part whereby not the slightest regard was paid to the actual wants of the country, neither to the fatalities accruing therefrom to the unfortunate immigrants themselves.

Amongst over a thousand French immigrants that passed through my hands, was hardly a single one who did or could commence to carry out a small business on his own account; a poorer lot of immigrants in pocket cannot well be imagined, nor ever were destined to invade a country, and recruited as they were of the poorest classes in answer to the "Appel aux classes nécessiteuses de France," so touchingly and puffingly endorsed by the Commissaire de l'Agriculture de la Province de Québec, who appreciates otherwise so much the touch of money.

Deluded and spoiled at the very start by fantastic, unattainable prospects—entirely false in the promise of land, the immigrant's centre attraction-never before were there immigrants imbued with such presumption and pertinacity of getting rich all at once; that they were so much needed here, -- and indeed for official positions-vide copy of Bossange's letter, that they might stipulate to have here everything their own way and to suit themselves. By the time they arrived at the Immigrants' Home, 151 St. Antoine street, they commenced to be troubled with eye-openers; here again they found the walls ornamented with the grand placards of the Government, announcing with great trumpeting the millions of acres of land at their disposition, of which no Immigration Officer here could give them any information, nor give even a finger direction on a map, -and each convey of Immigrants was shortly after arrival converted into one grumbling seething mass. fellows. it was not right to be angry with them after all—the blame was the "deceivers." The only lucky chance for the Immigration Officer in the circumstances, was that the greater portion of the immigrants with the last convoy, all that possessed in any way wherewith, had already placed a respectful distance between them and the Province of Quebec, before the arrival of the fresh convoy; and further, that the poor pater familias with very many open mouths of young birds, was the first on the list for removal to any other part in the world he chose to leave for. I found that the very genteel immigrant loafer, with whom we were provided in right goodly numbers, did bumble-bee it the best; he was of much consideration in Quebec, where he could sponge the Immigration Department for weeks and months, with an occasional pleasure trip to Montreal, and if he did but know a little of human nature, he could come it too with the self-resigned Immigration Agent in Montreal. We also had the genteel immigration loafer here for weeks and months; indeed, some had become regular boarders of the Province. The fact of the matter is, that if the French immigrants arriving in one year would not be nearly all away again by the next, Immigrants from France, such as are coming to us, would have been choked altogether ere this by the laws of nature.

I know from being cornered in tight places so often, Mr. Bossange dispatched last winter one of his clerks to the Goldfields here. This clerk was the recipient of many visits from French immigrants, whereof an overwhelming majority made bitter complaints. I am of course not aware of this ambassador's report, but am positively aware that the real state of affairs is still kept under French coulcur de rose. However, Mr. Bossange will and must come down to the truths that exist in

a country, and by which the fate of immigration is ruled with iron hand, and the French Immigration bubble must eventually burst like its Belgian neighbor.

France is one of the richest countries in the world in marketable produce and capital, and is pre-eminently blessed with well proportioned distribution of capital, much of it in small shares in many hands. Let him try his hand amongst the rural population for sending us good farm laborers, sound oak-built-farmers, some with a little capital—the more the better—to buy up established farms, and infuse a little new life amongst our old habited habitants; all right, with a little admixture of mechanics, that are in demand here, also en etat to hang out a sign of their own, serving as appui for their less favored compatriots; this would be more like the thing, as we are as badly off for good, able-bodied farm hands, as for a little influx of capital. Un appel aux classes monetaires will suit our politics far better than un appel aux classes nécessiteuses. We saw this strikingly enacted lately, and not disdained by our star and starred politicians.

This Agency business must be lucrative some way or other; surely it must be in the case of Mr. Bossange, or he would not face the music as long as he does—I mean the music of the thousand-tongued lamentations of relatives of the expatriated malcontents amongst his immigrants; of bitter reproaches coming upon him directly, aware as Mr. Bossange is, that now and then a favorable one cannot make up for the multitude to the contrary.

There must be a nice little pile of money in the business, or else Mr. Bossange would not brave, as he did, an exposure to the dreadful volleys from the fire of the redoubtable *femmes Parisiennes* of historical fame, who on one occasion, I am made aware of, attacked ferociously one of his convoys of immigrants *en route* to the station in Paris.

Mr. Bossange may also dread *les pauvres femmes Canadiennes* pouring in a cutting-up volley in aid of their Parisian sisters. Certain it is that Mr. Bossange has so far not deserved of the Province of Quebec the salt to his soup, when his agency has cost it an enormous sum, that would astonish the natives, if they would learn its heartrending magnitude. The sting could soon be taken out of Mr. Bossange by confining him imperatively to truths, facts, and wants as existing in Canada, by putting strictly down for him that the Province cannot afford indiscriminate hospitality to indiscriminately forwarded immigrants, and that it will henceforth act in sharp demarcation, that but the really deserving will come in for its hospitality.

It will ever be injudicious to give board and lodging to the immigrant of mechanical trade or good hand of labor, with enough money yet in his pocket, and who can shift for himself till he earns the country's money. The quicker he emancipates himself in the new land and stands on his own pins, the sooner he becomes useful to the country and consequently to himself.

The present system of indiscriminate hospitality is in very many cases but a lift for the United States, and affords the luxury of a glass of beer or something stronger if need be; it is the most absurd idea that free homes have the slightest influence for retaining the immigrant if the natural advantages of the country don't.

False pretences and false promises for decoying immigrants, ever the most

detestable, criminal charlatanry, the illusive representations in great card-prospectuses, held out by the Government of Quebec, are also abominably stupid; since they serve but to attract here the sort of immigrants that are not needed at all, when its total shortcomings in the fulfilment of one and all land promises, operate fatally in causing to drive and keep away the really and only required class of land-settlers and farm-helpers.

The germ of immigration is laid by all European nations in the great prospects of cheap, easy obtainable, wild land in America. The figures sound fabulously low to the European, so long as he is not initiated in the hard realities connected with the first clearance in the bush. It may not be in the interest of the immigrant hunter to dispel the romantic, ideas generally entertained by the European about these bush-lands, but honor demands of any government respect of the promises made through its authorized agents. The French immigrants, as well as the Belgians and all others, have been attracted hither by the promises of land held out by the Government of the Province of Quebec, and that every facility would be afforded by the authorities to the intending settler, in the utilization of this land. Now, there is not, to my knowledge, one French immigrant arrived in this Province that has been gratified with a sight of this land, or in any way encouraged to settle on it. Amongst the French, I believe the Alsatians and Lorraines the best adapted settlers for this country; yet they are the most eager for land, and therefore the least inclined to stay in this Province, the reason we see so very few amongst us or hardly any at all. Amongst the Belgians, I consider the Wallons best adapted to this country; at any rate, as the most devoted sons of the Church of Rome.

The French artisan immigrant also learns very soon to his chagrin, that he is not so much wanted here as he has been told by the Agent in France; indeed, he cannot but help convincing himself that we have here no idle spindles for the want of operatives, but idle hands in surplus to depart and run the spindles elsewhere; that we stand in first and foremost urgency for increase of spindles, and that the subsequent finding of increase in hands will be the easiest thing in the world.

I believe my opinion will be found to hold good, that it is not the subsidizing Government grant of reduced ocean fares, nor the head money of six dollars, that will settle the country; that it is not the free ticket even that will contribute in the least to retain the settler, if the natural advantages of the country cannot. The best settler is the immigrant able and ready to pay his way.

My hippogriff carries me suddenly to Glasgow, in Scotland, where the Province of Quebec also entertains an Immigration Agency. There Mr. White is the Agent. To him I will concede at once the palm of being the most self-conceited Immigration Agent extant; his egotism is unmeasurable, and acts like the burning glass in sole concentration on his ego and ergo ego. Merciless gratification of vanity is injurious to immigration. Of the highest regret will be damage to immigration prospects in Scotland, one of the most important immigration fields that furnishes the most welcome and most valuable settlers—Scotchmen.

I can well imagine that Mr. White is throwing at me great big mouthfuls of immigration phrases, his force par excellence; but I shall not mind and, sans cerémonie, proceed to business, and that's what I mean.

I have to bring very grave charges to the door of Mr. White, the Provincial Immigration Agent in Glasgow, Scotland, that constitute gross misdemeanor in an Immigration Agent, if established:—

In the early part of the summer season, in 1872, sitting in my office chair in the Immigrants' Home, 151 St. Antoine street, there appeared at the bar of the office, some twenty odd Scotch immigrants, as fine a lot of men, in every respect. as ever entered an Immigration office-in splendid physique, few of them under six feet, and substantially dressed. One of them handed me a letter from Mr. James Thom, Provincial Immigration Agent in Quebec, informing me that the whole gang had been engaged per advance by Mr. White in Glasgow, for the Grand Trunk Works in Point St. Charles, and all that I had to do was to direct the whole batch to Richard Eaton, Esquire, then the Mechanical Superintendent G. T. Works, Point St. Charles. What good news! All of which was verbally corroborated by the immigrants, who related to me how they had been attracted by the announcement of Mr. White, the Agent in Glasgow, that he wanted to procure hands for the Grand Trunk, which was much in need of them. Upon interview with Mr. White, they made up their minds, at once, to give up their places for coming out here, leaving, meanwhile, their families at home, for whom they would write as soon as they would settle down. All right, everything very satisfactory. I gave the men the desired direction to Point St. Charles, accompanied with a letter of mine to Mr. Richard Eaton, congratulating him on this fine lot of men, and the pleasure it afforded me to direct such fine men to him. But describe my astonishment when they came back, -I can't. I was thunderstruck on learning from them, in tones of the utmost indignation, that Mr. Eaton had informed them that he required no hands whatsoever in anyone branch; that he was if anything overstocked with men, and it was idle to say that any instructions were given to Mr. White, or any other party, that help was wanted. Seeing what fine men they were, Mr. Eaton took pity and proposed to them that he might distribute as many of them as he could amongst the different Grand Trunk Works in Ontario, and some others might be provided for about the depots in Point St. Charles, to work as laborers of all work till he could find call for their respective specialties. The whole gang was composed of professional operatives in railway plant, engine fitters, engineers, engine drivers and feeders. They were fearfully embittered by the sell. There were their wives left behind with very little on hand, and they wanted remittances at the earliest, and endless other lamentations. The whole presented a maddening picture of the most unjustifiable blunder. At last,—there was no help for it, -they settled down to the resolution to accept Mr. Eaton's propositions, though many of them would have to work out of their calling, and at common laborers' wages, in the interim. The few that remained on my hands I succeeded in placing in workshops in the city. Mr. Belle, if he likes, is as cognizant of all the details of the case as myself, and I would be doing him an injustice not to say that he condemned such practice severely. Surely, I thought, that was enough for the nonce; but no! In a few weeks after arrived, to our consternation, a second lot of deluded Scotch immigrants, engaged in the same manner, per advance, by Mr. White, for the Grand Trunk, and to be directed to R. Eaton, Esq., -of course in all its bitter consequences the disgusting fac simile of the case before related; and there is the Daily Witness which contained in one of its issues in the

course of this summer a numerously-signed complaint of Scotch immigrants, stating that they had been badly sold by Mr. White with the identically same false representations. Mr. White stands up to the present day under indictment of these grave charges, and not a few others of a similar nature; yet not one has been refuted by him so far. Indeed, he keeps shy of the task, and, during his late visit to Montreal, he took care to slip away from these charges as noiselessly as possible by inserting a short paragraph in the Daily Witness, setting forth that he had learned of complaints by Scotch immigrants having appeared against him in one of the issues of the same paper, and that he would invite all those entertaining any complaints against him to a Durbar in the Immigrants' Home, Craig street, at a certain day and hour. Not only did he not, and could he not, bring forth any testimony in rebuttal, but committed himself clumsily in giving out that it had come to his ears that some of the signers of the complaint in the Daily Witness had only been common laborers, as if that could bear in the faintest to make unsold and untold the sell. Add we to all that Mr. White's extravagant flights in praise of the great lands held in store for the immigrants by the Government of Ouebec, which he must have known, or ought to have known, were not to be got, and he has played sad havoc with Scotch immigration to this Province. I have seen leaving, sorely disappointed on land, many Scotch immigrants directed by him to the Immigrants' Home, for the land of his promise, that could not be sighted for love or money. That's enough to inflict almost irreparable ruin to Immigration from where the false representations have been made. I pray Mr. White, for goodness' sake ! to bear in mind that land is a substance of hard reality, and potatoes are not phantoms; and I pray Mr. White, when he shows his fine samples of products and cereals of this Province, not to neglect to impress on his listeners the necessity of hard labor in the sweat of the brow, of stern perseverance, of bitter privations that must be borne, before arriving at the comfort that is accomplished with the ultimate realization of his fine samples.

In the face of Mr. White's vain fondness of parading his immense mileage, almost long enough to encircle the globe, and for all I know more costly than a sail round the world; in the face of his boasted magnitude of correspondence, greater than the chancellor's of a great empire; in the face of his grande armée of enquirers that beleaguer his door,—in the face of all this, the result of his grand labors plays a most humiliating figure vis-à-vis the grand blown up number of immigrants as directed by him here, that he is wont to boast up in so many souls. yes souls! Mr. White. The humiliating result is that hardly ten per cent. of all the immigrants ever directed by him here, will be found within the boundary of this Province, and his grand summing up of the total capital brought by the numbers total of his immigrants into the Province to his great credit must be discounted down in the same humiliating proportion as his immigrants total; and since we are talking of Scotchmen, I pray him, for goodness, not to think for a moment that they left their capital behind. Of many I would consider it my most foolish act in choice between capital of Mr. White's costs, or capital of his immigrants to the Province, to hesitate one moment in jumping at capital—sum of his costs. Finally, in reply to Mr. White, concerning his swagger in the Star that he would send next spring two thousand immigrants to the Eastern Townships, I

give him my opinion fixed by experience, that the Immigration Agent who counts his merits in the figuratively great numbers of promiscuous immigrants directed here, knows no more of the requirements of this Province than that its Government is required to pay him.

We have likewise very few English immigrants coming amongst us; what comes don't stick,—their hopes are concentrated in the Province of Ontario and the United States; we have too many elements uncongenial to the Englishman.

And a very strange phenomenon it is that we have no Irish immigration, almost none at all directly from this land of Immigration par excellence, that by the exodus of its people has peopled the New World. The more astonishing that we can't attract more the Irishman to this country, for which he is exceedingly well adapted in every respect, and where his great Church is alike triumphant as his race in worldly success. The Irish name appears here in the highest walks of office andhonor, is represented in the leading firms of commerce and manufacture, and the world can be defied to show where the Irishman has done as well in proportion as in Canada. And yet it is perfectly correct what one of the leading Irish citizens remarked, at a public meeting, the only Irish immigration coming to us is from the United States.

Much the same may be stated in regard to immigration from Germany; its numerous immigrants are passing by and not alighting here. The Agents presently employed there by the Provincial Government can only conduce to make matters worse. The German Government makes short work with eccentric persons and cracked fools of Immigration Agents, at the least suspicion of seeing a swindling Immigration game played with their subjects, as they have a right to do, as long as it is one of the main duties of any Government to protect its subjects, and foremost against public impostors.

Thistles are not grapes, and grapes are not thistles, and in this way run all the Immigration epistles in the Province of Quebec.

What scornful mockery this soul-grieving and mind-depressing spectacle of immigration presented to me on my chair in the Immigrants' Home!

Here they bring out, and that only by dint of enormous waste of money, by dint of the most unwarrantable pretences and promises, thousands of immigrants, and when they do realize the actual sight of them, it is but to find themselves in the idiotic perplexity not to know what to do or make of them, verily because the country don't want what they, in stupid ignorance of the country's wants, bargained for. In Quebec they were heaving and laboring heavily under the hard plight of the over-burdened ass, to effect riddance by rubbing and kicking the immigrants away in all directions and at all hazards, with the difference of having been short of the wisdom of the ass, that don't overburden himself. Each arrival of a large convoy of immigrants threw the Quebecers into a terrible state of agitation where to stow away the living mass; and then, that the public shan't see they brought such quantities of the unsalable kind, and moreover shan't see that they were so dreadfully short of storage for the unmarketable goods, they used invariably the expedient of forwarding on to Montreal the bulk of the immigrants. And here it was considered the great feat of cleverness and efficiency, the point of the points in the acting officer, to disperse again this bulk of immigrants with lightning speed

to the four quarters of the globe, indifferent on what coast the stormy sea of Life might wreck them.

Being naturally ambitious, my old Boss, though a little at loggerheads as we are, would be constrained to admit that I attained great efficiency and laudable coming up to the desired mark. Dear existence at stake, I worked day and night, and I did effect the clearing out of the crowd. What fresh expenses were incurred in the riddance was of least consideration; even connivance in the exit to foreign parts regardless of additional expenses to this Province was practiced, and that everything went on swimmingly, immigrants and all, a grand bulletin would announce to an interrested and admiring public.

But for the initiated, with the smallest dose of feeling, with but a spark of the heavenly light of reason, with only faint existence of honesty, what odious picture of official heinousness did this present, and the more revolting by the next glance at his woful match.

One of my duties was to pay daily visits to the Bonaventure Station in looking up and receiving European immigrants arriving by the ordinary Quebec train. There I found another class of immigrants in great numbers, so great that I would not believe hearsay, but my own eyes. And these were the very children born in the country, in the very act of bidding bitter farewell to "Home, sweet Home," to beloved relations and all that's dear, just at the momentous point in life of immigration, and that to the United States. Studiously I kept away from them, any of my new arrivals, to save me from the most perplexing questions, and studiously when at leisure I would enter into conversation with the poor children of the soil to learn the causes of their lamentable exodus in such alarmingly large numbers. I have seen parting the flower of the French Canadian population of the back countries, just their smartest children, fine, able boys, and vivacious, pleasant, sprightly girls, whereof one was worth more than a baker's dozen of my new arrivals with most absurd ideas planted in their heads by false Immigration Apostles.

The causes for the French Canadian exodus may be shortly summed up. It is the absence of abundance of work; it is the scarcity of remunerative work; it is in a degree the actual want of constant employment for all the hands; it is the absence of room in our limited and unprotected industrial manufactories; it is the existing laws of mediæval age, oppressive in the awaking spirit of the present times, in its antiquated, mouldy nature of sinister feudal tyranny, suppressing just these powers in body and mind, free action of the God-given soul, now-a-days so much required for enterprise and competition. Feudal usages will always operate injuriously to growth in body politic, to intellectual development and national wealth. Vide the book of life and the history of the nations on earth.

It is the China-like stand still in the French Canadian back countries, where they offer still but from \$2.00 to \$4.00 for an able female farm servant, for an able male farm hand from \$8.00 to \$10.00, in winter often only \$5.00; in winter hard to find work at all, only in the pressure of the harvest time is the short spell of higher wages, and all this that my parting Canadian friends stated to me I found fully corroborated in my experience at the Immigrants' Home.

It is the exceedingly good news brought home by the letters of relatives gone on before; the good letter is better than all Immigration Agents.

The law of gravitation is all potent, even in immigration, where it will show its irresistible influence, in causing an all-powerful inclination towards fields of richer substance, and which will continue or abate in proportion to its greater unevenness, or less separating evenness.

The cure of this evil of French Canadian immigration will only be found in active strides of concurrence with the United States, and not in preaching; as the farmer said, "Prayer may do good to the field, but it wants manuring."

Awake, my French Canadian friends, from the stupor of living so long in the satrapy of Cabalists, who will sacrifice yourselves and children, your lands and chattels, for the retention of power and its emoluments, in marked contrast with the genuine statesman, who, though he may be an out-and-out party man, eminently gifted with the talent of Cabale, one of the apparently inseparable qualities, yet, who will sacrifice himself and his heaven, ere giving away a single leaf from the national tree, in whose growth to power and greatness his whole soul is concentrated.

Awake! Insist imperatively on your representatives in Parliament taking your Government to task for giving a full account of their stewardship in immigration, with minute details how the enormous sums have been spent in its working of fatal results.

Insist on the earliest stoppage of the cruel practice of increasing the number of destitutes in your large cities at this inclement season, by throwing still further destitute French immigrants at the cold door of the grim personage, "Canadian Winter."

The French Vice-Consul might second your prayerful motion. Ardently do I plead to humanity for opposing this Government-Bossange immigration scheme in its continuance of cruelly dispatching poor immigrants in not inconsiderable numbers by each steamer, into the cold embrace of hard-featured Winter, where least chances exist of finding employment, where charity is already as it is greatly exercised.

Really there is great suffering amongst immigrants here in the present winter season, amongst the French-speaking in particular. I know fathers of families for weeks and weeks and months out of work.

Work with might and main to purify your electoral franchise, and for more efficiency, and higher standard in morals and patriotism, amongst your officers in the Executive Administration, whose delinquencies are proverbial, and seem only to qualify them the better for another and higher office.

Keep watchful of your Public Officers, that they will be more constrained to observe public decency and what appertains to respectful position in the eyes of other nations, that public scandals may become of less frequent occurrence. Frown down upon unseemly conduct on the part of your public officers; permit it not without censure, when one of them, still under accusation, will treat with public disdain your highly esteemed officers of National Societies, speaking of them as mere individuals, and making use of disrespectful language towards them for having incurred his displeasure, by simply acting upon their fundamental, constitutional duties.

And yet everything concerning Immigration is commanding the highest interest everywhere, and it should form the most serious subject for contemplation of the whole population of the Province of Quebec, where it is evident that causes exist for depopulating the French Canadian Districts, in such alarming extent, that the local representative of Quebec should have nothing as much at heart as to find ways and means to stop this deplorable exodus, and in connection therewith it will, of course, become of imperative necessity to subject to most rigid investigation the Immigration Policy of the Administration in Quebec as presently practised for attracting and importing immigrants from foreign countries at great expense. Nothing can lay nearer to the representative of this Province as that he should acquire a full knowledge of the present procedure in Immigration, how far it is beneficial, and where it is injurious; that he should gain the fullest insight in all that concerns Immigration and its management, on which is depending the weal and woe of this Province.

Impress on your representatives as of the highest importance, to demand of the Administration minutely specified plans of the wild Government lands; that the greatest publicity will be afforded where and how these lands are situated; that careful and honest reports are prepared and published to what extent these lands are fit for cultivation, and practicable to be occupied by Immigrants.

Demand and do demand of your legislators to provide you with a Tariff of Duties in protection, that your existing factories increase and multiply, and that will create the introduction of new industrial branches, which alone will ke ep your children more at home, and at the same time make the country more attractive to strangers.

Awake from your Rip Van Winkle sleep and arise, if you don't want to live and die the fate of a satrapy, which falls inevitably to the sword of the lucky General, yet with all the elements at your feet of becoming a nation amongst nations, with all the resources to build up an empire powerful and respected.

I find it natural that nationalism of race seeks vitality in drawing nourishment from congenial elements; but your Government could not even come that, from impotency of profiting of the events in France by gaining over a large number of the dissatisfied Alsatians and Lorrainers, of firstrate stuff for settlers, as their advent of coming would have been but adding blunder to blunder, and would have but wronged the self-expatriated people. Neither have I any hopes that Government will profit by the crisis in the United States, that refloods the country with the returning exiles, in any adequate measures, and management for securing their stay at home. We will continue to create more stalls for officers, and more boxes for collections, when within a few days our smart neighbor can send word "Come back, we are all right again," and of course there is no choice given but to return.

Nothing can come more under the unalterable laws of nature and life in the truthfulness and bearings as existing than immigration; nothing is more ironhanded regulated and conditioned in success and all its concerns, than immigration is, by the realities of life and actualities in the land of promise.

It is the transplantation and plantation of mankind, the masterpiece of creation and gifted with divine reason, who won't stick and remain in the ground,

where by his reason-guided will, he will not. No artifice of trumpery, no mountebank tricks of the official gold-hunter, can stupefy his reason, or senses of sight and taste, into the belief that the pineapple grows on the Quebec pine tree, where it don't, and the fig on the Quebec maple, where it don't.

On the other hand the alarming exodus of the French Canadian race furnishes proofs that not artificial training watched over with the greatest study and care, not the dearest ties of blood and birthplace, no sentimentalities of any kind, nothing of the sort, can hold back the French Canadian, since the conviction has been brought home to his reason that he can live and do better elsewhere, accompanied as reason is with the strong animal instinct, to run for richer pastures.

Blockheads or knaves that profess or dissimulate to be troubled in the search of the causes of this exodus, where is but needed to open the eyes and see what is going on in the outlying French Canadian counties, where the young man and maiden, that had the misfortune of having been born of poor parents, must make up their minds in gaining bare life's existence with slaving labor; if they won't—emigrate they must. And still harder and nearer causes operate in the cities in the same direction.

Even China and Japan, who it must be remembered count the age of eternal institutions and government not only by hundreds but by thousands of years, are forced to open their ancient gates of antediluvian antiquity to the progressive spirit of the age, indeed more, it appears, than the Province of Quebec.

I don't know if either in China or Japan an official document would be treated with the same submissive and passive non-challenge as the official empty-handed buffoonery du Commissaire d l'Agriculture des Travaux Publics de la Province de Québec, promulgated in his Rapport Général (1872). Page XIX reads for the faithful:—

"Parmis les industries nouvelles qui nous a values l'immigration de cette année "je dois mentionner l'industrie rubanière que M M. LeMétayer Masselin et Cie- sont en voie de bâtir à St. Hyacinthe.

"La fabrication des rubans (galons) promet d'être une belle source de pro-"priété pour notre Province.

"On se plaint quelquesois de ce que l'ouvrage manque en hiver, de ce que nos bras sont obligés de rester ossifs pendant six mois de l'année; admettant que cette assertion soit vraie, la rubanierie de LeMétayer, Masselin et Cie. offrira un remèle aux campagnes ou elle sera répandue

"La rubanerie, telle qu'exploitée par les industriels, n'a pas pour effet de "concentrer les ouvriers dans les villes; mais au contraire chaque famille possède "son métier chez elle et gagne de l'argent sans se déplacer. Les femmes, les "enfants, les veillards trouveront ainsi de l'emploie sans quitter le coin du feu.

"Cette industrie pourra contribuer au rapatriement de nos familles de cultiva.
'teurs qui ont laissé leurs paroisses pour aller enfermer leurs enfants dans le
'fabriques américaines; en ayant la perspective de trouver dans la rubanerie un
'travail facile, propre et lucratif, et durant les mois d'hiver, ces familles revien'dront sur leurs terres, et conserveront tous leurs membres pour faire les travaux
'arricoles en été."

But here's where the fun and the coolest pun comes in, in the following

paragraph:-

"Le Métayer, Masselin & Cie. on besoin d'un prêt de \$4,000, pour commen-"cer leur rubanerie sur une échelle limitée. Notre agent, M. Chicoine, s'occupe "en ce moment de leur procurer les fonds nécessaires aux moyens d'une compag-"nie à fondé social."

These are the kind of figs that they tell the French Canadians will yet come to grow on the people's favorite tree, the sugary maple; therefore, to stay quietly and remain patiently at home till they ripen.

This is the kind of volaille with which they tickle the palate of the French immigrants long before the chickens are hatched. Everybody is fully aware that nothing came out of the rotten egg "de la rubanerie" St. Hyacinthe. One French immigrant made me aware that he was badly sold by this rotten egg. I fell in accidentally with this immigrant on his way to the office of the Ocean Steamship Company. He was very communicative, as immigrants are wont to be, and told me that he was going to buy a return ticket to France; that he had been badly sold by the Immigration Office, where he was directed to proceed to St. Hyacinthe, sure to find employment there in the Riband Factory, which would come into immediate operation. After an idle sojourn of about six weeks, that threatened to consume his funds, he was at last made aware that the whole Riband Factory in St. Hyacinthe was a rotten piece of business from beginning to end, and in all probability would never come to anything. He further related that he was by actual profession a velvet manufacturer, but also understood to work at ribands. Bitterly as he denounced the whole Immigration Department, and its agents as impostors, he was still favorably impressed with the country, and expressed his determination, if he could succeed in making all his funds ready available, to return soon again, as he had learned that many of the industries of France might be very profitably transplanted to here. It is a proof in point that labor does not best capital. Wherefore, I pray to goodness, calling by, in this state of affairs, any number of poor immigrants, no matter how promiscuously composed. It is the cry of immigrant in the vocative, to keep to office and money in the superlative.

One and all of the published official reports on Immigration, of both the Department and its agents, are documents highly inflated with the gas of humbug, deliberately illusive, for creating a rosy vapor of atmosphere, forsooth, that the actual status of immigration in its roughness of reality will not give offence to the delicate ears of the public.

I have been actively engaged in the manufacture of these rosy-vapored documents,—made them with my own hand, very satisfactory to a highly-discerning official aristocracy,—and may, therefore, be considered a competent person to talk on the subject.

But facts are my factotum, and here they are:—In the published report of C. E. Belle, Immigration Agent in Montreal in 1872, the public is treated to the gratifying and praiseworthy news that Mr. Belle did receive at the Immigrants' Home, in Montreal, between the first of January and first of November, 1872, respectively, in one year's season, the total number of 2,013 immigrants.

grants, and that he did place in this city and its environs said number of 2,013 immigrants. Now I shall show the magian trick by which the illusion in figures is produced, so that everybody can easily comprehend it.

When Acting-Assistant to Mr. Belle in the Immigrants' Home from month of April to 22nd October, 1872, the book of arrivals was kept almost exclusively by myself. In this book I entered the name of every immigrant, male and female, and the baby on the mother's breast, that showed his or her face on any pretence whatsoever, at the bar of the office. Such were my instructions, and they were obeyed with great assiduity and punctuality,—the only way for showing up handsome figures. The immigrant who stopped in St. George's Home, St. Andrew's Home, hotels, or with relatives, or mere temporary in the station till the train should start to bring him away, if paying a visit to the Home, down in the book would be written his name, in spite of all his expostulations that he merely had come on a visit, merely to ask a question. I know of immigrants, professedly en route to New York, who were persuaded-with a view of making them remain here—merely to come and pay a visit to the Home, and who were entered in this way. And in this way the statement that 2,013 immigrants were received at the Home was blown up to its soap-bubble dimensions. And the statement that the 2,013 immigrants were placed by Mr. Belle in the city and envirous would be simply ridiculous, if it was not worse. Not half of the number was actually placed by the officers of the Home, but the rubric, where placed, would be filled up anyhow, somehow, with "left for the country," or in some style.

Since Mr. Belle is of leading cognizance of the *modus operandi*, his statement that he placed 2,013 immigrants in the city and environs is not a truth, but an illusion. And since all acting immigration officers here know what assiduous and sometimes very hard work it is to make out any places at all in many cases, and particularly at certain seasons, it is perfectly uncalled for to put the seductive attraction in these overblown figures.

The figures I shall now give to the public are much more truthful, namely, that of the 6,000 immigrants in this way received and reported by Mr. Belle, placing the arrivals in the years 1870, 1871 and 1872 in this one total figure, that of this total hardly more than 200 adults will be found within the boundary of the Province of Quebec. Not more than what I saw of French Canadians leaving in one day. I know of a single day on which 200 French Canadians left the District of Montreal. All my statements are made from carefully collected notes; and what is most vexatious in all of this is, that the country cannot be blamed for it.

When these grand official reports on immigration are given out, an ever-complacent Press will quickly take up the big trumpet and blow in fullest extension of cheeks, "Thanks to your great good Government, the manna of life is showering on you, in the thousands of immigrants brought amongst you; they have come, and still they are coming; play fiddle, fife and drum, and bagpipes. So-and so, Esq., Provincial Immigration Agent, has received over two thousand immigrants. All are placed in Montreal and environs. So-and-so, Esq., the Dominion Agent, has placed only in the city of Montreal and the Eastern

Townships over fifteen hundred immigrants." Just so could it be read, at one time, I remember, in certain newspapers here; yet if the Lantern of Diogenes would have been brought into requisition, it "could not see it." A knowing one and myself observed smilingly the ominous silence of the goldsmith's apprentice, who obstinately refused to say what he thought about his boss and his customers, but when pressed very hard, it was squeezed out of him that he thought his boss was a rogue and his customers were fools.

If the political Jackbox pops up a new immigration agent, all the complacent Press cries out with one voice, Perfection that's he, what wisdom in the choice, so eminently gifted in all Apostle qualities is he!

The life of the Canadian immigration agent is the romantic of romance.

One of the gentlemen of immigration, on occasion of a pleasant little visit to the land of his pays, had the honor of being admitted into the presence of His Excellency the Governor-General, Lord Dufferin. To improve the auspicious moment, the immigration gentleman delivered himself of a most interesting story of the romantic island of Iceland, the icy silvery gem of the arctic regions. No more romantic spot could he select for his theme. The land so great in the minstrelsy of the North, and in wild ballads of the daring Wikinger's great deeds of valor in combat with giants and sea monsters; of sweet Ingeborg, the proud king's sister, the sweetest and most beautiful rose that ever blossomed in the North, how she was wooed and won by Frithjof, though bondsman, the Wikinger bold, whose head waved in battle as defiant as the crown of the oak against the howling storms of the earth.

Its poetry sings yet of Walhalla and the great gods of the North, Oden and Thor; of the heavenly beauty of Freja, the goddess of love.

The hero of immigration narrated to His Excellency, with Walhalla-inspired eloquence, how the ancient Wikinger's spirit of love for wild, seafaring life and adventurous invasion of foreign coasts, had once more suddenly revived with such force amongst its descendants, the Icelanders, as to seize the whole nation; how they were on the very brink, the whole nation, to fly on their sea-dragons over the ocean waste, and would never stop till landing in Canada their chosen land.

His Excellency listened naturally with the deepest interest, and was delighted with the grand hopes; so complacent newspapers said.

At any rate it is highly suggestive the immigration gentleman should make at the earliest a trip to the romantic island, and as a little information for the road is never altogether despisable, even from lowly people, I tender it humbly, namely: that the ice there is very cold and icy, as plentiful as it is beautiful, wherefrom the island has derived its name; the mountain tops look for all the world like iced cakes; when the hot water runs out in the kettle, he'll find it there spouting forth, boiling, right out of the mouth of good old Mother Earth, and,

Amused will he be By the wild roaring sea, And in thundering chorus By the horrible Volcanus, lands—that is, by the enticement of immigrants of mechanical professions out of comfortable, fairly remunerative places at home, with phantoms of the Eastern Townships, who, upon arriving there, will, as a matter of course, find rather the absence than the abundance of demand for their peculiar calling in advanced mechanism, and they will consequently turn their backs on Canada in disgust. It cannot be expected otherwise than that they'll speak bad of the country, of which they know no more than what they experienced themselves; and if the injury accruing therefrom to the country is saddled on the right horse, it will fall on the back of the ass of an immigration agent. I beg the St. Andrew's Society in Montreal to take this chapter into their serious consideration. The proofs of this execrable practice are not wanting, forming identically the open-hand proofs of injury to Scotch immigration, acknowledged to be so desirable and valuable, and all this merely for parading great figurative numbers of immigrants.

In connection with Colonization Societies, I must call attention to a very damaging practice amongst farmers, that I found of too much frequency—that is, of engaging immigrants in spring and summer at most liberal wages, which they promise for the year round; yet as soon as the leaves begin to wither, they find some way of breaking the agreement, offer for any possible continuance much smaller wages than the good man will work for; and the really good farm-hand, the only desirable immigrant, now makes up his mind at once, and speeds double quick to the United States.

This really occurs too often, and is one of the self-blamable causes of the scarcity of help under which our farmers suffer.

There should be a stringent provision made in the Immigration Office in prevention of this damaging practice as much as possible, and in protection of the immigrant.

Instead of following the ruinous method of enlisting immigrants through deceptive and false representations and false promises, why not go coolly to work amongst the ready-made immigrant population that is so numerously to be found in many territories of the Old World. And all this could be done with strict observance of acting like the keen merchant, who will only select from the foreign market what he knows meets with the most ready demand and quickest sale in his respective mart, and who will rather do without if he can't exactly get what he wants.

Ready-made immigrants I call those that recruit themselves without any agent, out of the following classes:—

r. From the right-good steady-habited hard-working common class of laborers that can work on the road and train, or on the farm; from factory hands, in country places, where they can generally work off and on in the field, that gives them a notion for the cheap land in America; from factory hands in large cities, which it will ever be best to leave to themselves as regards Canada; from mechanics of all trades, and moderate wages; from the regular farm servant-man in the rural districts, where the self-acquisition of land is next to impossible to him; from farmers' sons, that don't see much chance of getting a piece of land of their own. Amongst these rubrics are plenty of men whose attention has been long directed to America, through letters, books, and talk on public places, laying the germ of

To change the subject, -- "well, then, let me turn to the tapestry."

It is generally admitted that the Colonization Societies are to no purpose in the realization, not even in the smallest degree, of what is expected from them, and in all likelihood never will come to anything. The all important land question should be dealt with directly by the Governments and with the greatest solicitude.

The Country Laird is generally a most estimable and respectable personage, but his periphery is not unfrequently limited to the horizon of this village and its special interest. However, that nothing as yet has been accomplished by the Colonization Societies is a fact that needs no comment but abolishment.

What good I have seen is not of the Colonization Societies, but of their secretaries, which consisted in the mailing of certain immigrants, postage paid, from one place to the other, till they made the round through the Eastern Townships. when they were finally directed and addressed to the Immigrants' office in Montreal, accompanied with letter, in which the good secretary owns up the corn.

A copy, which I took care to keep of many of such letters, will speak for itself. Here it is *verbatim*:

SHERBROOKE, Aug. 5, 1872.

C. E. BELLE, Esq,

DEAR SIR.

The bearers, Carlisle and Mahan, were sent to me by Mr. Thom, with instructions to forward them to you as a last resort, if I failed in placing them. I have been unable to find suitable places for them here, and feel obliged to send them to you. Hope you will be able to suit them.

Yours truly,
H. Hubbard,
Secretary Colonization Society.

This is the sort of immigrants our great Immigration Agents pick for us, who are of such hard suitable propensities, and fastidious taste in palate and otherwise, stocked with such unearthly nonsense by false immigration apostles that they'll find no country in the world suitable to their exaggerated notions, and make themselves alike unsuitable to the country. If the same men would have been able farmhands, imbued with the common sense that they would have first to adapt themselves to the country of their adoption, before they can think of realizing "un avenir aise," why, it would have been but a pleasure to Mr. Hubbard to place them in the easiest facilities existing in the Eastern Townships, to do so, where good farmhands are so much in demand and so welcome.

I have not the honor to be personally acquainted with Mr. Hubbard, but from what I have heard of him I have every reason to hold him in respect as a gentleman who will not keep shy even of going to trouble in anything whereby he thinks he can benefit his country; and I beware of the construction of meaning anything derogatory to Mr. Hubbard by this particular citation.

The cleverest of the clever, the light of the lights in immigration, Mr. White, in Glasgow, is in the habit of making use of the Eastern Townships, really constituting the pearl in the coronet of the Province of Quebec, in the same deceitful manner as of the Grand Trunk Works, and of unapproachable Government

dissatisfaction, and when once well taken by the immigration fever, will not rest till they find themselves *en route* to the great land.

- 2. From the under stratum of tradesmen of all colors working on their own hook; from small farmers and gardeners, in the rural districts, that work themselves nearly to death to extract a living out of a small piece of land, America is working long since in their mind. Whatever fate may have in store for this my second as for my first mentioned class of ready-made stuff, it is not, and can't, be much worse than what they left behind, and they'll be easily satisfied.
- 3. From the middle and better classes of farmers, tradesmen and merchants, and running up to aristocratic land-owners and officers who think only on leaving for America in consequence of family scandals, troubles with the Government by too great liberalism, misfortunes of some kind that limits their way of living. All men of more or less means.
- 4. From the restless elements of all classes, from the beggar to the nobleman, shiftless characters principally found about large cities, mechanics imbued with absurd ideas of liberty, high wages by great self-importance, and short hours of labor, &c.

And it is from the latter class of immigrants that the Province of Quebec has so far been principally supplied with immigrants, brought out and fed here with great expense, the class with which no honest Immigration Agent will meddle, as they cannot be much or any benefit to any country; they will shift best for themselves. Of course they snap quick at a change held out to them in great promises of being so much wanted here, and most hospitably found in everything till they would "suit" themselves. Whoever thinks that I am going too far in this my assertion I shall refer to Rev. Mr. Slack, Rural Dean of Bedford, E. T., and to Messrs. Cameron and Edwards in Thurso, on the Ottawa, who have seen, assisted, treated and tried our sort of immigrants by the hundred. I have never spoken with either of these gentlemen on the subject, yet will and must abide by whatever judgment they pronounce, if the case is submitted to them. The importation of the last-mentioned stock, and consisting of promiscuous mechanics in majority, at such great expense, amounts to mad frenzy in office, in a country whose wants in immigration are so plain in demarcation, so sharply restricted to only but the tillers of the soil and its connecting help, and sensible servant girls, if they can be got. It amounts to the height of brainless madness in a country whose own children are leaving for scarcity of room in the narrow, limited industrial manufactures, that languish for the want of wise protection in a patriotic tariff of duties, whose own children are leaving for the very want of abundance of work in workshops and factories. An overcrowded labor market is ever injurious to any country, and is the more so to Canada, where we must admit that the laborer not only needs to be enabled to lay a little by for a possible rainy day, but for a certain snow-drifting day. Abundance of work at fair wages is conditional to the growth of this country, and since the circumstances of clime are not so inexorable that the intelligence of man cannot easily overcome its difficulties in the way of work the year round, well let all set to with a will and overcome them.

Our Press I blame for many things, though boldly headed in their sanctum with the great and free emblem of the Phrygian cap; yet many of its organs de-

scend to greater servility than the Press does actually in despotic realms under the iron hand of the Autocrat. If the government there has made a visible faux-pas, the press knows nothing at all about it, or only cries hush! hush! Here the Press will break out in hallelujahs in praise of the blunderers to hush up the gross blunders; nay, the catlike flattering Faustus in governmental sunshine, puts right out his claws and spits terribly at the reforming dissenter.

So, when the station for the Dominion Immigration Agency was erected near Tate's Dock, it was admirable in situation, perfection in its interior arrangements, only for the fast progressive age, it was found impracticable in avenue, before it received its finishing touch. Next the Dominion Agency was transferred to the Tannery Station; now this was the very spot could not be beat, uniting so preeminently all the advantages, easiness of access, and same time placed far from the city, to keep the immigrants in safe distance from the dangers and spoliations lnherent to great cities. A novel argument, indeed, to keep the guests shy of the host; the immigrant from coming in contact with the people of our city, still not enough isolated from immigration, it appears. I beg to tell this writer that there is not a city on the Continent of all America, of the same size, to which the immigrant can be as safely entrusted as to the City of Montreal, regarding harm from its citizens; nor another city where the immigrant enjoys such kindly care and protection from the entire Police Force to a man as here. I know of one officer in the force, the immigrants' philanthropist, who has done more in kind acts towards immigrants than any other man in the whole Province—I except not in the force, Detective Lafon, whom I found ever ready with laudable promptness at all hours to give his clever hand of help to the distressed immigrants. Business is business in these days, and I forgive him his little escapade in the wrong direction for the once, when he changed his wonted side for that with the amorous Immigration Agent; but then he has been most signally defeated, and will have enriched the leaves of his book with an everlasting lesson, that it makes all the difference in the world on which side a man fights. Again I have mounted a war horse, with lance in rest, a la mort sans grace, in defence of immigration and immigrants, against the deceivers and their heartrending deceptions; and although my battle charger may look of despicable condition, being very poor and jaded, yet he is well bred, of highly seasoned metal, and fiery, that will deceive the deceivers.

To keep immigrants by any human precaution from coming in contact with the new, strange people they have come expressly to see, and they are the most eager to see, is tantamount to preventing the St. Lawrence from coming in contact with the sea. If prevented from seeing the people here, the more they search the acquaintance at other places.

It is as if all the powers in immigration were leagued against the City of Montreal; even the very immigrants, headed from the start for Montreal, the predetermined place of destination, amongst whom I always observed a goodly number to join relatives and friends here—these very Montreal immigrants are tormented as long as possible before they can reach the city. After a tedious voyage from Quebec of from fifteen to thirty hours' duration, they are kept from reaching the city up to four and six hours at the Tannery Station, till the pilot-engine takes the pity on them that appears for them not to exist in the human heart.

Here I must pause, to tell what of good news I have for the city. It was my duty to post myself sharp to time at the Bonaventure Station when a convoy of immigrants for Montreal was expected, and never was I so there without encountering from half a dozen to more persons, residing in the city, who expected relatives and friends amongst the to-day's incoming immigrants; and for hours did we pace up and down together in waiting for the Montreal immigrants that we did know had arrived so near as the Tannery Station. And this is the only immigration which Montreal actually does receive; and this is the nicest kind of immigration coming by this the most healthy channel. Yet for making everything nice to the immigrants bound in majority to the United States, the poor relatives and friends of the Montreal immigrants must wait their feet away in the Bonaventure Station, till they come in contact with an embrace from father, mother, brother and sister.

I would say, if Uncle Sam were not such a merciless shark in anything that's connected with business, the Canadian Government should call on him, earnestly, for a handsome subsidy, for the active part they play in procuring him large numbers of immigrants, and entertaining and feeding them so well on the road through Canadian territory, and all at such great trouble and expense to themselves; for instance, like at the Tannery Station. Otherwise, for the city of Montreal the Tannery Station is of no earthly benefit whatsoever. The clever writer of the article in praise of this s pot, and who is also a luminary in immigration, might have found by a deeper peep, if he liked, that it is neither more nor less than a lucrative appendage to the Express Hotel, kept by Mr. McClanigan, and who is attached in some official capacity to Mr. Daly, the Dominion Agent. It operates like a superb mill in connection with the bar-room of the Express Hotel, which, it seems, is like the bona fide Dominion Immigration Office, for the Montreal immigrants. Such scenes are not of rare occurrence that the Hotel or Immigration Runner, who is hardly distinguishable, takes possession, with exclusive sway, of a gang of immigrants from fifteen to thirty and more heads, and guides them in a solid phalanx, impenetrable by the other hotel runners, into the bar-room of the Express Hotel, where, as he assured them, and what operated as the magic charm, they would find the Immigration Agent. Afterwards might be seen the still more repulsive scenes, of bemuddled immigrants quasi under the pale of immigration; and the most sinister of all, in its possible consequences, is that of a poor immigrant girl in quest of information and direction, being received in the hotel passage in full view of the bar-room, where an accidental cupidious visitor might espy a fine chance of following the poor girl, and in her bewilderment and ignorance of the new place, easily accomplish any vile ends.

Dark as the picture is, there it is, drawn with the firm hand that knows the strength of his single arm against a whole band of greedy and helpless retainers, rests in facts, the stubborn.

It will do me great wrong if this is construed into an attack from any personal motives or personal illfeelings; I can't have them, as I have always been treated in the most friendly spirit by both Mr. Daly and Mr. McClanigan,—nay, I desire to bear testimony that I found Mr. Daly a most kind-hearted man, of amiable and accommodating disposition toward immigrants, highly qualifying him for his posi-

tion, which consists principally to act as adviser to the onward stream of immigrants.

Mr. McClanigan is a well known business man of great tact, of strict sobriety, and a hard worker, and well qualified as caterer to the immigrants, than whom no better.

And if he makes the best use of a good thing, well that's the order of the day. But, nevertheless, in the interest of immigration and immigrant, and of the reputation of the Dominion Agent even himself, I shall strenuously advocate that the existing domineering influence of the Express-Hotel over immigration and immigrant shall be cut off with the sharpness of the razor. Indeed the immigrant can find the road to the bar-room quick enough himself, which, if curse it is, is of still more danger to the verdant stranger.

This Dominion Station at the Tannery is a wonderful mill in its workings. Verily it is verifying the fable-tale where the buck hired himself as sub-agent to the gardener.

The same evil is reigning supreme in Quebec under the immediate eye and patronage of the Government.

The caterer there to the immigrants is also a hotel-keeper, and an excellent man too; the immigrants are exceedingly well satisfied with the treatment they receive at his hands. Actually, in Quebec, Hotel and Immigrants' Home are one, and, like every fair hotel, provided with a well supplied bar-room. This hotel is the only place for the immigrants to go to on their arrival in Quebec.

Why act in the cold step-motherly way towards the City of Montreal, the commercial metropolis, the pride in capital and manufacture, and the most popolous city of the Canadas, in thus pertinaciously keeping the Domini on immigrants' station in the greatest possible distance and estrangement from the city, beyond the reaping of any benefits at all therefrom, which accrue to other large cities from possessing within their limits and of easy approach a great depot on the high road of travel to the West? Why not do the right thing at once, and have the immigrants' depot within arm's reach of the city, and within the shortest distance possible of the present Bonaventure Station, somewhat after the model of Castle-Garden, where the members of the different National Societies might visit the immigrants, similar in manner as the English Hospital and the House of Refuge is visited, in which way some suitable immigrants may be retained. And if some immigrants that have money would leave a little with the city, it would but be in mutual return.

Our brothers in Ontario are also given to blowing on immigration. No doubt immigration is much more flourishing with them, since they have accessible wild land—land to give, and which they do give for nothing but the cultivating. But the statements coming from Ontario, such as, "Within a few months we have received over eight thousand more actual settlers than last year," that must likewise be subjected to tremendous discount, for arriving at the small kernel of truth in the big pumpkin. Of course, the likewise narrowly limited number of spindles will not permit greater numbers either than what their existing factory buildings can hold. The greater number of floating immigrant population of the artisan class in Ontario will not signify,—it is necessarily of the same nomadic character as our immigrants here. When the country can be laid no longer under contribu-

tions, and there is not sufficient work for the laborer, operative and mechanic to feed on, they must pack up their tents. It is an undeniable fact with Ontario, that the labor market there is frequently painfully overcrowded.

Their present Police Reports give heartrending statements of overcrowded stations by distressed applicants out of work for protection.

Perhaps I may differ a little in my definition of whatare called "actual settlers." My construction is, that but those immigrants can be called actual settlers that go on land and settle down on it, with no other thought than to make their new homestead their dwelling place for the future, and the country their land of adoption. To this the first and most valuable class of actual settlers, I shall add the mechanic and manufacturer, who, in commencing business for himself, is firmly disposed in the same intentions as before stated.

And of this my classification of actual settlers, Ontario neither has anything to boast off, and will not have till blessed with a protective tariff.

It will be remembered how quickly we heard voices from Manitoba, right after the very first arrivals of immigrants there, that their demand for general labor and in mechanism was fully supplied, and what they stood really in need of —farmers, did not come.

Concerning the mission of Mr. Joseph Arch to America, it is my opinion that he will never realize his ideal of a farm laborer's earthly paradise, neither in this country nor in any other part of the New World.

The difficulties, hardships, and privations encountered by the Puritans at their first landing in America, and endured by settlement in the wilderness, by making habitable the bush and yielding in plantations the sustenance of life, and in degree comparative comfort, all of which so nobly sustained by the great Puritans, and finally overcome to the admiration of posterity-all that, I say, is still existing in every particular almost. Up to this very day the virgin forest is presenting the identically same obstacles to the despoiling hand of man; this present day are as much required the same manly virtues as displayed by the noble Puritans in the overcoming of the manifold difficulties and privations; to-day, as much as then, of necessity in the pioneer for success in bush settlements, I concede only that one solitary difficulty has been removed, and that is, that it is not now required to stand to the plough armed to the teeth. But this present day, as much as then, the man must conquer the land with his own hand, and in the sweat of his own brow, as only so he can make it verily his own; not in any other way he will become worthy of it, and of worth to the country. There is no help for it in any application of sugar coating; who prefers the meat pots of Egypt, will much better stay at home. When Government is granting free land, is paying the settlers for making the roads, to assist them thereby even With ready money, these are great good concessions.

The country which cannot get on with such generous liberality, will still less prosper by committing itself to the unwarranted excess, in additional erection of dwelling and the clearance of six acres of land. In the nature of things, the immigrant-farmers that stipulate as conditional of coming the latter extravagant demands, are not of the nature for lasting. I am afraid they will demand next certain rations of beer at certain hours every day, will grumble if it is not coming

with the greatest punctuality to time; grumbling will become a chronic disease, and, finally, they will desert the land with curses on both the land and those that brought them thither. No good can come except of the immigrant farmer of resolution, that has determined of his own accord to leave where he cannot emancipate himself out of servitude, and is willing to bring self-sacrifices, to reach the long coveted goal, of becoming his own master and owner of land himself.

Really I dont know what is plaguing the brains of the chiefs of our diverse Immigration Departments with the absurd idea that we are a rich people, that we are so fearfully hard up for all classes of men and callings, that we must bid any price for every sort of immigrant, that we stand so urgently in need of all kinds of helping hands, that the class of immigrants which bring a little capital to the country is of minor consideration; when I believe it can be justly contended that we are far more in need of influx of actual capital, than of empty-handed help in labor manuel.

I shall give a case in illustration, which is furnished me from a conversation with the Hon. Mr. Pope, late at the head of the Immigration Department in Ottawa. I did remark to the Hon. Mr. Pope, amongst other things, that I considered a great drawback to prosperity of Immigration in Canada that the Immigrants coming amongst us were (en masse) the poorest lot in pocket I ever beheld; that we ought to have somewhat a sprinkling of parties with a little money, whereof the benefits accruing to a country were made quite visible to me, when I had once an excellent chance of observation on coming into close contact with immigrants in the United States, where each fresh arrival of immigrants in the bran new settlement would bring money to the door of the older settler, and enable him to play his favorite game, that is, advance with his axe to the farther bush, and get up a new plantation for the market; surely at the time of fresh arrivals might be seen a little stir in the tinsmith's shop, by the stove dealer, in the general store, by the cabinetmaker, and so forth. When the money is sunk the lot is cast, the ship is burned behind, the man goes in battle to conquer or die; in every direction can be heard the lively sound of the busy axe, with its jolly clink and echo-borne clang, every now and then interrupted by the soul-stirring thunder crash of the falling giants.

The Hon. Mr. Pope replied to me: "That might be well enough if moneyed people might come along with the rest, but here," he added, "we don't care so much for that sort, we want the labor, labor is capital, and the best capital too." And is that in Canada, my country? I asked myself with surprise. How far this phrase of the Hon. Mr. Pope is applicable and where its fallacy comes in, Mr. Pope will have since learned in the dreadful phenomenon on labor, brought out by the crushing crisis in capital amongst our neighbors. The capitalist continues to exist on his luxuriously supplied table, when labor is going begging; and the laborer is starving. Capital is accumulated by labor, is greatly increased by its wise employment, but ever remains the essence of labor, the only thing essential for labor, and is of labor precedent urgency. And it is ever of imperative necessity and wisdom to look first and foremost to the capital, before engaging the laborer or the want of foresight in this regard will but mislead him and blast his prospects,

as it is daily exemplified by so many disappointed hands wandering in the streets.

There is no use in this big jump in immigration. We better admit that with all we are a nation but yet in its infancy, and we better adhere to the unalterable rules by which the national cradle is regulated; namely, there must be first made the clearance in the bush, dotted here and there with blockhouses; then comes the schoolhouse at convenient cross-roads in the bush, answering also as a municipal and religious meeting place; then the blacksmith's and the waggon-maker's shop; the store and tavern, cabinetmaker's and carpenter's shop; then the nice little church so innocently looking in its snow white garb of paint; the small, yet neatly and clean looking parsonage near by, all of which in combination will act as feeders to commerce and manufacture, and in ensemble will furnish the healthy food by which a young nation may do well, prosper and grow up to great size and strength, that is, if assisted by patriotic and wise statemanship; but if the corruption and villany of Cabalists reign supreme in the young nation's councils, leagued with the other dark powers that be, then no age will bring it to national majority, and it will ever remain in sickly dwarfishness.

Indeed, we have very encouraging examples how many new settlements undertaken by immigrants of the right stamp, endowed with energy, sobriety and industry, have flourished quickly amongst us. I shall instance the German and Polish Settlements on the Opeongo Road, and in the counties whereof Renfrew, Egansville and Pembroke are the chef-lieux. After passing through all the hardships and privations incident to pioneer life in the bush, every one of these settlements is in a flourishing condition to-day. And yet they had to overcome the greatest of all obstacles in the way of any new settlement, namely; they were injudiciously settled in most part on poor land. Only one advantage they had, ot which they were not slow in making the best use, and that is what greatly helped them through. They could find in winter remunerative employment in the lumbering establishments on the Upper Ottawa. This supplied them with ready cash; meanwhile they learned where to find the good patches of land, and of which they acquired in addition. I know from the Postmaster in Egansville, a most reliable authority, who keeps also a store, and is trading largely with the new settlers, that most of them own now a double-team of horses, in which they have surpassed many old settlers, and that almost all of them are very comfortable and pay up very punctually.

There is no question, Canada is offering as fair homesteads and as good land, and manifold advantages for settlement, as most parts in America; all that has to be done is, to make the land accessible and available, and to develop our great resources.

When obstacles, increased by the faux-pas of first bad selection of land, as just described, can be overcome in comparatively short time withal, what may be expected when better chances are offered?

If immigration in the Province of Quebec is meant for anything else but dust in the eyes of the people, then it is imperatively required that the lands of this Province are brought into market in a marketable condition, opened out with roads in connection with established highroads on land and water.

The land for settlement by immigrants should be selected by most competent men, with the greatest care and knowledge as to productiveness. It would be less material, what of free grants, or what at lowest minimum price, than to have the locations where good chances exist for the new settler to employ every hour of his spare labor to feed his purse and the mouths depending on him at the beginning.

It can be noticed in advertisements of land in the United States, that all possible advantages are enumerated, how every spare moment can be profitably em-

ployed.

To find work for winter is the great problem for Canadian statesmen.

If there is Government land fit for cultivation along the new Colonization Railway in progress, forthwith it should be marked out, connected, and offered—the new settler making the road, and to be paid by the Government; moreover, the building of the new railway furnishes employment. Government money laid out in this way would secure returns, when in their present immigration system it is only wasted. The Government of the Province of Quebec should (more, perhaps, than any other) apply itself assiduously to constant entertainment of public works and encourage all private and public enterprise, to keep their own people more at home, yet offer permanency at the same time to the immigrant.

To make the two ends meet, it will be found yet that a protective system of home manufacture must be introduced, to call a much greater number of industrial factories into life.

I believe it is pretty well admitted on all hands, that the only urgent need we have of immigrants, is of farmers and farm hands of the good oak built material, not men with mere fancy notions about the thing.

Secure but the land settlers success, encourage enterprise; perfect the connecting railway chains, all the immigrants of the mechanical professions follow of their own accord in the natural train. Once success attained in new settlements, the effect of the good letters sent home will be wonderful, and nothing would facilitate so much the great desideratum, the Pacific Railway, as this, in adding link to link to the long chain, till it will land-bridge the Atlantic with the Pacific. There can be no doubt that the Pacific Railway is a neccessity in the aspiration of Canada to become a consolidated nation, that can command the respect required to peaceful existence and growth in the paths of wealth and power. But I never comprehended how this was thought, or is thought, to be accomplished, without Government concentrates all its powers and forces, without consideration to right or left, to bring available and under cultivation its enormous waste of land, held presently in almost vice-like dead lock.

I have experienced what it is to place artisan-immigrants in Montreal, and in the Province of Quebec. The first rush over of the Spring flood of immigrants, it becomes more and more difficult to squeeze them into place. I would undertake to calculate to a nicety, what kind and how many immigrants of each kind might be swallowed healthily by the trade of Montreal each Spring. I have been marching days and days in Montreal, with immigrants in search of employment, and very often with the discouraging conviction that I fatigued myself for my charge but to help him to raise the wind to fly onward. The cry for more people from abroad to come to the Province of Quebec, is both cruel and insane as long as there is no protective tariff introduced for increase of factories, and so long as the Government is continuing to remain impotent to fulfil its land promises.

The way matters stand I never believed the Pacific Railway offered encouragement to European capitalists. Show how we prosper here, in settlement on new settlement, increasing our population; how the waste disappears under the foot of cultivation, converted into rich fields, that fill our ports with the products, it must attract the cupidity of the capitalist; it must build the Pacific—what no other scheming can accomplish.

I believe I have said enough in denunciation of the present immigration system as carried on by the Government of the Province of Quebec, and I believe I have proved its total inefficiency and its thorough rottenness.

I have established by incontestible evidence, that the administration of the Province of Ouebec is open to indictment for making use of false pretenses and false promises for the purpose of decoying immigrants hither, in that the promises of land held out to intending immigrants by the Provincial Immigration Department, are altogether illusive, and not intended to be fulfilled, since no steps are taken to make this land available in any way; that the immigrant, who has been attracted by the great card prospectus of land held at his disposition by the Government, and is making application at the Immigrants' Office for the promised land, cannot even be shown on the map where it is located, being thereby apprized, to his consternation and indignation, that he may not even think of possessing himself thereof. The injury inflicted to immigration in Quebec by this damnable practice, is incalculable in its consequences, extending its bad influence to Ontario and the whole of Canada. It is a national disgrace, as foreign Governments will yet be compelled to turn out the Immigration Agents of this Province as impostors. Immediate and energetic steps should be taken by the representatives of the people to put an end to this national evil, not only as a curse to immigration from foreign lands, but as a principal one of the fatal causes of decimating the native children.

Who may think what I said goes also hard with immigration in general, will admit, on second thought, that something must be very rotten in the State of Denmark, and in the branch treated on, in particular. Deeper reflection will convince that the very bitterness of my Pill contains the only ingredients for a possible cure, yea, that it wants yet the administering of a very great many Pills, much more bitter still, and that more parties than one are in very bad need of it, to effect any improvement at all in the very sickly, cancer-plagued body politic in the Province of Quebec. And, in conclusion, I commend to your serious thoughts the ominous remark that dropped from the lips of a great European statesman, in casual conversation with an American gentleman: "On the serene "grandeur of your republican horizon, I can see but one cloud arising. Beware of its swelling propensities; beware of the strange Tiber-Sons of historical fame, "by eternally insatiable thirst for gold and riches, that all the treasures of the "whole visible world could never satisfy."

Sincerely and devotedly, with faithfulness,

HANS WILHELM MULLER.





